

One And The Same

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Corey slicked back his hair and grinned as he stared deeply into the eyes of the white-furred, frou-frou poodle in front of him. His hipster persona was a fine cover for his intent, and she had fallen head-over-heels for his supposed cool. It was all an act, of course, but it was very "in" right now to pretend not to give a shit. Though his shirt and pants were worn and his hair was unkempt, it was all carefully arranged. He probably spent more on his appearance than the bitch in front of him, but it wasn't like she needed a lot of help pulling in attention. Her tits were voluptuous to say the least, their massive mounds just barely staying inside her top. Corey knew he was going to have her the moment he spotted her at the bar, and the fact that she was both eager and ditzy just made it all the easier. He'd been blue-balling for weeks at this point, and he couldn't believe his luck.

"So tell me again about this band you're in?" she asked? Corey licked his long, sharp hyena teeth as he broke into another long description of his band, which was really nothing more than a bunch of guys who pretended to play instruments in order to pick up chicks. They were all the lead singer when a girl asked, and whenever anyone pointed out how badly they sucked at playing, they shrugged it off as "not understanding our style." He couldn't believe how easy it all was, if he'd just known he wouldn't have bothered being polite and getting to know girls all through high school and college. Women just wanted someone to be their illusion, and he was certainly that. Few hyenas were as handsome as he was, at least after he spent the afternoon dressing himself, and he could pick up almost any chick he wanted at the cost of only a few drinks. If only he could get the rent paid the same way.

Already Corey's fingers were tracing across the poodle's hand, his mind racing to remember her name. Amy? Brianna? No, it was Katie. It was something silly, clearly she had inherited her mother's intellect. What kind of a name was Katie? That was a name for a five-year-old, not a hard-drinking party girl. He lightly sipped his cheap domestic and waited for Katie to need another daiquiri. Her third, judging by the empty glasses.

"Bartender, I think Katie here needs another daiquiri. Make it as pink as that cute little purse she's holding," said Corey. Katie giggled and pulled it close, making her strained top press out even more. He was beginning to wonder if it would burst and send her tits spilling out into the open. Had she bought a size that was too small, or did they just not make them big enough? Either way, Corey's eyes were positively swimming in cleavage, and it was only the fact that they were still in public that kept his hands on the bar. Already his erection was pressing against his pants, making him glad he'd worn

the "easy fit" ones again. Corey was phenomenally endowed, and his gigantic black shaft wasn't something he wanted popping out just yet.

"So, how about like, we go back to my place and listen to CDs and some junk?" said Katie, grinning and rubbing across Corey's hand. He pretended not to care, and sighed as though she tired him, but he knew that by playing hard to get he was just reeling her in closer. He was practically already in her pants. He wondered if he could just bend her over in the bathroom. It would certainly save him the trouble of making his way back to the club to pick up his car. But then he wouldn't be able to help himself to seconds and thirds, which he was definitely going to need after so much celibacy.

Just as he and Katie were about to make their way out the door, someone called to her, someone older but still quite feminine. "Katie? Katie honey! Oh my god, you go here too!" Suddenly a poodle emerged from the crowd milling around the bartender; grabbing Katie and making the girl blanch with embarrassment. The new arrival was obviously Katie's mother as they were spitting images of one another, the only difference being Katie's lack of age. Still, Mom wasn't too bad looking, and if he'd been hard up for pussy he'd have been chatting to her as well. He wasn't one to pass up a MILF or two when the chance came, and a lot of them knew all too well how to please a big boy like Corey.

"Moommmm, I can't BELIEVE you come here!" said Katie. "Oh my god, this is SO EMBARRASSING!" Katie looked like she was about to make a dash for the door, and Corey found himself having to pat and comfort her to keep her from fleeing. He tried to interrupt the conversation and get himself and Corey out the door, but her mother was insistent. He could tell from the look in her eyes that she intended to get laid, and unlike her daughter she wasn't patient enough to be seduced politely. Her eyes were constantly drifting to Corey's crotch, and more than once she licked her lips in anticipation. At first he was repulsed, seeing Katie's agitation and thinking that his lay was about to go home and cry. But then he got a better idea and extended a hand, taking that of the older poodle and kissing it gently.

"Don't get upset, Katie, I think your mom is very nice," he said. "What's your name, miss?"

"It's Melissa," she said, batting her eyelashes and letting her tits jiggle a little in his direction. Carefully he spoke to both girls, walking a tightrope he'd never tried before. If he played his cards right, he might get more than he bargained for. It would be a challenge, but really, what was life without a risk now and then?

"I dunno, it still feels kind of weird, what with my mom being in the other room and all," said Katie. "I mean, I haven't done it with her in the house since I was in high school." Corey still could barely believe he'd managed to pull this off. He'd not only gotten

Katie calmed down; he'd gotten her to agree to share him with her mother. Her mother, of all people! He wished now that he'd recorded his conversation for later. The guys weren't going to believe this, even if he surreptitiously helped himself to a few cell phone camera shots. He had a feeling that he hadn't been the first one to partake in this particular arrangement, but still. A MILF and her daughter in the same night! He just hoped he was up to it.

"Don't think about it babe, think about this instead..." Corey gently helped Katie out of her skirt and panties, his fingers tracing up and down her eager sex, sliding neatly through her carefully trimmed bush. He had been so focused on her tits that he had completely ignored how delicious her ass was. His hands groped and traced across her supple bottom, smacking it a little and making her giggle. Already she was getting distracted with the delight of the moment. He kissed her lightly, groping her a bit before tossing her onto the pink sheets of her king-sized bed. Clearly, he was going on well-trodden ground. He removed his shirt and then slowly peeled down his pants, grinning as he slowly revealed his length. Katie's jaw dropped as it went on and on, his half-hard length extending a full twelve inches down his thigh.

"Oh my GOD!" Katie exclaimed. She crawled forward on the bed and gripped his length, hefting it lightly in her hand. She sucked on it lightly, twisting her head this way and that and working it in her mouth. Corey groaned, letting his tongue loll out. Katie knew what she was doing, and within moments she was sucking him hard, bringing in lots of lip and tongue action.

Corey let her work him for several minutes more before gently shooing her away, helping her to lie down on her back while he clambered over her. He intended to make this quick and dirty, but it would be a damn disappointment if he blew things too soon. Katie wrapped her arms around him and he began to slowly rub his length up and down her slit, teasing her clit with his fingers. She was already juicy with eagerness, and so when he felt he could drag it out no longer he let himself slide down into her slowly. Despite her obvious experience, she felt hot and tight around his length. The sensation made him moan, but he didn't let himself get too distracted. He brought his mouth to her tits, nibbling and licking gently. His hands caressed her even as he thrust hard with his body, working to ease up her pleasure.

Slowly Corey worked himself and his partner towards orgasm, his tail whipping as he worked on her. He knew his own mess would come with time, so he focused only on the needs of his partner, working her clit and tits as hard as he could. He gasped for breath, then helped her to move onto her hands and knees, trying his best to get her going while doggie-style. Being a poodle, her body appealed to this, and as her breasts swung and bounced she yipped and moaned happily. Knowing her climax was approaching, he reached down to rub her furiously, nipping at her neck and sucking in deep blasts of air through his nose.

Katie's orgasm hit her like a wave, causing her arms to give out. She collapsed beneath Corey, almost sending him spilling out onto the carpet, but he managed to grab onto the bed and maintain his position. Finally feeling that the pressure wasn't on, he let himself go, his shaft blasting wildly across Katie's face and chest. She giggled, playing and licking at the jizz as it landed. She gulped it down eagerly, grinning and even leaning forward to get at the last few drips dangling from the tip of Corey's shaft. "Now now, don't be too greedy," he said, grinning. "Your mother's waiting..."

Corey had fucked multiple women in a single night before, and there had always been a brief interlude where he was permitted to wash up and reload. Melissa would not be so patient. The moment he stepped out of the bedroom and into the living room she was on him, grabbing his messy shaft and licking at it eagerly. He was more than a bit surprised, considering where it has just been, but he didn't exactly want her to stop. "Fffuck, you're amazing," he said, groaning as Melissa took his entire length in her muzzle, barely stopping to breathe as she jammed him down. She slid back slowly, grinning and licking her lips.

"You're damn right," she said, giggling a bit. "Katie gets it from somewhere, of course." She dipped down and went back to work, her tail wagging behind her as the poofball fur on the ends of her ears waved back and forth wildly. Had he not known better, Corey would have mistaken Melissa for a girl half her age. Her enthusiasm was incredible, clearly she had been deprived for quite some time.

"I just love big boys," she said, slurping on his length and moving it past her muzzle. "That's why I divorced my last husband, he just couldn't compete with my boyfriends." She murred and worked to remove her top, slopping his length between her massive tits. Corey leaned on the wall for support, sucking in air and letting his eyes roll back a bit. He had no idea he could get "ready" again so soon, but he did his best to hold it in for now. He needed this to last a bit more; he hadn't even got her panties off yet!

"I dunno about you, but I'm ready to move on," he said, grinning and pulling his shaft out of Melissa's eager mouth. "So tell me, hot stuff, where should I stick it?" Melissa grinned and got to her feet, curling up her blouse a bit and pulling down her panties. She must have been working on herself while Corey was otherwise occupied. Her sex was dripping with wetness, and from her loose pucker he could see the glint of lube.

"I'll tell you where you can stick it!" she giggled, shaking her massive ass at him. Corey grinned and got a good grip, squeezing her ample cheeks in his hands. He pressed his shaft against her tailhole, finding it loose and accepting. Her daughter might make an effort to tighten up, but Melissa was the hot-dog-down-a-hallway sort. There was a sort of dirty delight in how utterly depraved she was, and

Corey found himself feeling the fantasy and loving the sensation. He groaned and smacked her ass heartily as he pushed her hard, stopping only to help her loosen her clothes so that she could grab and squeeze at her nipples. They both worked on her, both of their bodies groaning and twisting this way and that.

Corey reached down and began working her pussy even as he shoved his immense length in and out of her ass. She was approaching her climax, and he huffed and puffed as he sought to push her over the edge. He was so focused on pushing that her orgasm caught him by surprise, and before he knew it she was shuddering and coating his thighs with juice. His foot slipped and he grabbed at the wall, making Melissa yelp as he suddenly hilted his length into her. The sudden tightness from her panic set him off, and he gasped in surprise as he emptied a tired (but considerable) load into his ass.

They collapsed into a heap on the carpet, gasping for air and leaning on the wall to stay upright. It was quite some time before they talked, and in fact it was Katie who broke the silence, sighing as she came back from the shower, her body and head wrapped up in towels. "Jeez, why don't you two make the rest of my carpet all crunchy while you're at it?" she chided. Melissa giggled, but Corey blushed.

"Oh hush. You're just jealous that I've got your boyfriend by the balls." To punctuate her point, Melissa grabbed at Corey's crotch, making him wince. She had a surprisingly firm grip.

"He's not my boyfriend," replied Katie. "And you're just sore about sloppy seconds."

"I am not, I love sloppy seconds," said Melissa, giggling. The two began to argue over Corey, who just smiled, suddenly realizing what he'd gotten himself in to. Two hot sluts were fighting and arguing over him, and they weren't about to just up and leave things as they were. Could he really keep the both of them happy? He'd have plenty of time to try..